

## The Tipler's Song.

THE WRETCHED TIME COMING

Set to Music and Sung at Forest Landing.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
I fear our boats are doomed to be  
Without one drop of good whisky.  
In the wretched time coming,  
The temperance men say we have been  
In time a great deal stronger;  
It looks a good deal like it, lads,  
But we'll drink a little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
Some time ago way down in Maine,  
They made a law, and lo! proclaim  
A wretched time coming  
To every one who loves his wine,  
Or something little stronger;  
But here, my lads, in Delaware,  
We'll drink a little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
Massachusetts and Rhode Island too  
Have followed Maine. What shall we do  
In the wretched time coming?  
And Old Vermont has backed the three,  
With a law a little stronger;  
But never mind, that's way up north,  
We'll drink a little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
In Wisconsin and Michigan,  
The temperance fires brightly burn.  
O, the wretched time coming!  
In every State throughout the land,  
Tectallers are stronger;  
But never mind, there's some "rye" left,  
We'll drink a little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
Our brandy, rum, our wine and gin,  
Will be among the missing.  
In the wretched time coming,  
We'll sigh in vain for "good old punch,"  
Then which wine is stronger;  
But 'till that time we'll all "imbibe"—  
We'll drink a little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
In our own State in days of yore  
The temperance men were not so sure  
Of a wretched time coming;  
But at the work in haste they went,  
And every day grew stronger,  
And now they boldly tell us all,  
We'll drink but little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
One more election like the last,  
Then will the fatal die be cast—  
That wretched time is coming.  
The cry is now—"the law of Maine,"  
Or something little stronger;  
And if we don't bestir ourselves,  
We'll drink but little longer.

There's a wretched time coming, lads,  
A wretched time coming;  
Our boasted army once so strong,  
Has dwindled down to a mere song;  
What a wretched time is coming.  
The little corporal's guard that's left,  
Can never be much stronger,  
For soon the edict will go forth,  
We shall drink no longer.

Little Creek Landing.

ORLANDO.

## Temperance in Maine.

There are so many men who would like to be deemed honest, who affect to doubt whether the Prohibitory Law has really diminished Liquor-drinking in Maine, that we feel frequently obliged to recur to the testimony on this point. Theoretical guesses as to what the effect of a proposed law will probably be, are well enough in the absence of facts; but where a law has been in force for nearly two years, theories are nothing, statistics everything. We dare you, gentlemen, who affect to doubt, on theoretical grounds, the good effects of the Maine Law, to scrutinize the facts!

Rev. W. H. HADLEY, who writes the following letter, is Minister at Large to the Poor of Portland, the chief city of Maine, and devotes his time and energies to visiting the Poor in their houses, and there advising, admonishing and helping them. If he don't know what is the general effect of the Maine Law, no man can know it. He has been appealed to as a witness by enemies as well as friends of that Law. In reply to these appeals, he has just written as follows:

OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY AT LARGE,  
PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 6, 1853.

DEAR SIR:—Your communication of the 6th inst., is this moment received; and although the immediate demands upon my time, pertaining to my calling, are this morning numerous and urgent, I lay them all aside to repel the miserable misrepresentations concerning the operations of our Liquor Law, to which you allude.

The duties of my profession do not allow me much time or opportunity to write or speak on the subject of Temper-

ance or the Maine Law, or to attend meetings where these subjects are discussed; but when such gross and abominable falsehoods are fabricated, and sent out from this place, as those referred to in your letter, I could let nothing short of immediate calls to attend upon the sick or dying, hinder me from contradicting them. I have scarcely written or spoken publicly a word upon these subjects for more than a year, until yesterday, when I wrote a short letter to Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New York, giving him some statistics of the liquor-traffic, which I have just collected. I was requested, more than a month ago, by Professor Rust, of Masonic College, Tennessee, to answer certain questions which he proposed concerning the operations of the Law, &c., which I promised to do; but partly owing to a want of time, I had determined to postpone my letter to him till after our approaching election, when I shall furnish him with many facts which I have been collecting, some of which I will state to you.

I am prepared to say, that during my residence here as minister to the poor for the space of four years and five months, there never has been less demand for charity in cases where intemperance has been the cause, than during the past five months. Political demagogues and the haters of the Maine Law and its author, may ascribe to me what motive they please, in making this assertion. Suffice it to say, that, so far as I cherish "political opinions" and "sympathies," I am with the party last year in power, and not with the present city or State Administration, nor with Mr. Neal Dow. I never received, and never expect a personal favor from Mr. Dow. In religious opinions, he and myself are apart, *toto calo*. You say that your informant says that "John Neal's assertions are all true—that there is more drinking in Portland than ever, and that Mr. Hadley has said that he wishes the law repealed." Of Mr. Neal's assertions, I am not disposed to say much. I am willing they should go for all they are worth. They have not appeared to me to be calculated to injure the law—certainly not in Portland, and I think not in the State of Maine. I wish everybody who has time, would carefully read them all. But as to there being "more drinking in Portland than ever,"—this is such a palpable falsehood that it needs no refutation here.

I have embraced every opportunity for a month past, to collect statistics of the former liquor traffic in this city and through the State. My information was not derived from "ramrds" nor from enthusiastic admirers of the Maine Law. Much of it is received from those who were opposed to it when it went into effect, nearly all from those who have been extensively engaged in the trade or manufacture of the article, and several of whom did not relinquish it till compelled by the statute in question. And what is the result of my researches and inquiries?

First—of Distilleries. Of these there were for many years previous to the year 1836, seven in operation, some with two, some with three coppers. One of those with two coppers—by no means the largest or most efficient, was accustomed to turn out 500 gallons a day, regularly, month after month, year after year! One single copper in another establishment, was of sufficient capacity to produce 900 a day. Allowing 250 gallons to each copper, and two of the distilleries to have three of these—a calculation below the truth, we have the amount of 4,000 gallons per diem, or 1,252,000 gallons a year, to say nothing of Sundays. One man told me that several of these distilleries were accustomed to operate on the first day of the week!

Then, there was a time when 400,000 gallons came through the Custom House in a year. In my hasty note to Mr. Chapin, I supposed this to be when the distilleries were in full operation. There may be a slight error in this calculation. But be it as it may, the most respectable merchants in this city, whose statements are beyond question as to veracity, who have been most extensively engaged in the trade, assure me that the most of their sales were of liquors brought from Boston, New York, &c., not through the Custom House. The language of one of the most intelligent and respectable of these men is, that what came through the Custom House was but "as a drop of a bucket," and he gave it as his cool, deliberate opinion, "that not more than

one-fiftieth part as much liquor is now sold and consumed in this city and throughout this State, as there was twenty and thirty years ago—when the population of both city and State were not much more than half what it is at present." Others, equally well qualified to judge, express a similar opinion.

One of our most respectable merchants positively asserts that he has sold "four times" as much himself in a year, as he has any reason to believe has been sold in the same time here, since the enactment of the law, and at the time there were nine or ten large wholesale liquor stores in the city, some of which sold much more than he did, to say nothing of what was sent out directly from the distilleries. If there is any necessity for it, I presume these gentlemen will allow me to use their names, but I choose not to do it without their permission. One of them asserts that he seldom if ever sold a bill of goods, in the times alluded to, that was not headed by a hoghead of N. E. Rum, next a barrel of W. I. Rum, &c. I have made particular inquiry as to whence came the "foreign liquors, wines, brandies, gins, rum," &c., and the uniform response has been "they were manufactured chiefly in Boston and New York"—they were "mixed." Now, admitting what is provable to a demonstration—that about a million and a quarter of gallons was manufactured here—and what appears to be undoubted, that almost as much more was brought here from abroad, besides what came through the Custom House, which was but a "drop of a bucket," we have the snug little amount of two and a half millions of gallons, when our population was not more than sixteen or seventeen thousand. We ought to have at least four millions now, to make the equal proportion! How is it? Have we really more than one thousand gallons a week brought into this city in "coat-pockets, flour barrels, and cases in imitation of Bibles? I do not believe it. It is true that there is a little illicitly smuggled in, and that occasionally some of our "promising" young men are "guzzling" it in their rooms. What then? Why, the Law has not yet wholly annihilated the use of alcohol, nor corrected the vicious habits of all the slaves of appetite. But it has closed more than three hundred grog-shops, and stopped the open trade entirely. We have not now a drop manufactured here—none comes through the Custom House, and most that is used is secreted in Irish dens. Genteel and fashionable families make some use of wines and liquors—not a fourth part as much as formerly, and not more than they did three years ago. But, perhaps, you or some one may ask if the traffic in liquors did not greatly diminish before the enactment of the law. I will let three wholesale dealers answer—the very men who say that it has diminished forty-nine-fiftieths. None of these have put the diminution at more than two-thirds, before June, 1851; most of them say one-half. Call it two-thirds. Then public opinion and human progress diminished it from its worst state about thirty-three parts (or two-thirds), and the Maine Law sixteen parts or sixteen-seventieths at once! This is not derived, I repeat, from the special friends of the law, but partly from its enemies, and mostly from those who have become its friends by seeing its operation. There are many such among our most influential citizens.

I would not more dispute a man who says that there is more drinking in Portland than ever, than I would dispute one who should say that he had seen Tom Thumb and Goliath standing on a level, and that Tom was head and shoulders higher than Goliath. But I do not claim so much for the Law as my informants allow. I do, indeed, think that the sale and consumption has fallen off 49-50; but I think that the Law has only reduced the amount to about one-tenth on the whole of what it was three years ago.

I wish to speak of the retail trade as I found it, and as the Law found it, and of its effects, but time will not possibly allow at present.

Finally: "I have said I wished the Law repealed." Did I say so? when? where? to whom?

I now simply say, that this is an absolute, unqualified falsehood. I never said any such thing, NEVER. I would not have that Law repealed at this time for all the wealth of this city; I think I would not to save my own life, without a proper substitute. I have said that I

would be willing to have it exchanged for anything better. So I would. Let me know what is better. There may, for aught I know, in the progress of human skill, be something better discovered. It has already been improved; it may be made still better. But it has proved a thousand fold better than all its predecessors in the character of legal enactments. It is growing daily more and more in favor with our people. I thought I knew of one man who was once in favor of it, who is now opposed to it; but he declares that he was always thoroughly opposed to it, and so I do not know of one who has changed his opinion against it, but of hundreds who were opposed or distrustful, who are now its ardent supporters.

I regret the necessity of writing on so important a subject with such great haste; but you have such simple facts as I can furnish at a minute's notice, and put on paper in the briefest possible time.

Yours, very respectfully,  
W. H. HADLEY, Minister at Large.  
Rev. T. W. Higginson, Worcester Mass.

☞ The Cayuga Chief is responsible for the following. He has been through the mill, and ought to know how to manage the affairs of which he speaks: Young man! keep your eye peeled when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you ARE green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive? Flounces, boy, are of no sort of consequence. A pretty face will grow old. Paint will wash off. The sweet smile of the flirt will give way to the scowl of the termagant. The neat form will be pitched into dirty calico. Another and far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles sweet smiles and eats your sugar candy.

Keep your eye peeled, boy, when you are after the women. If the little dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure that you will get particular fits all around the room. If she apologises for wiping dishes, you will need a girl to fan her. If she blushes when found at the wash-tub, with sleeves rolled up, be sure, sir, that she is of the cod-fish aristocracy, little breeding and less sense. If you marry a gal who knows nothing but to commit women slaughter upon the piano, you have got the poorest piece of music ever got up. Find the one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Don't be hanging round like a sheep-thief, as though ashamed to be seen in the day-time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough and ask for the article like a man.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

THE CAUSE OF IT.—The New York "Medical Gazette" has an article to correct the impression that the large mortality by sun-stroke in that city was the result of the hot weather alone. It argues that the true cause of death was a paralysis of the stomach rather than "congestion of the brain," induced by the use of stimulating liquors. The editor says, "we record it as a witness and not as a disputant, that we have seen no case of serious or dangerous character, in which the patient had not been indulging in intoxicating drinks, while heated, in an atmosphere ranging above 90 degrees in the shade."

☞ The following toast, drank with cold water, tastes pretty well to Temperance people:

"The Health and Memory of the man that chopped down the trees, and cleared the land, that ploughed the ground, that raised the corn, that fed the goose, that bore the quill, that made the pen, that wrote the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

☞ Let your actions correspond with your good report.